

Hell upon Earth:

O R

The most Pleasant and Delectable

HISTORY

O F

Whittington's COLLEDGE,

Otherwise (vulgarly) called

NEWGATE:

Giving an Account of the Humours of those Collegians who are strictly examin'd at the Old-Baily, and take their highest Degrees near Hyde-Park Corner.

Being very useful to all Persons, either Gentle or Simple, in shewing them the Manner of the Robberies and Cheats committed by Villains on the Nation; whereby they may be the more careful of being wrong'd by them for the Future.

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year, 1703.



1600/568.

To the much Unworshipful

Richard P — ce, alias, Catch,

ESQUIRE.

TH O' I never merited the Dishonour of ever being in your ignominious Company, whose odious Profession is so detestable in some *European* Nations, that the Laws thereof utterly exclude Hangmen from the Conversation of Mankind, yet the Subject of this *History* claims your unfavourable Patronage. But perhaps my Discovery of the several fly Practices *Thieves* use to pilage honest People, may incur your (not valu'd) Displeasure, because it may make them more careful for the future to preserve their Substance, and so hinder Grist from coming to your Mill so often as it does; but, upon my Word, it is no more design'd to prejudice your sanguine Occupation, than the Law against Duels was made merely to wound the *Surgeons* Vocation, who fight daily for that slashing Age of Sword and Buckler again. However, let my Offence be heinous to the highest Degree, I question not Forgiveness from your Baseness, who is an Animal of that heroick Courage, that has made many a better Man than your self tremble when they come under your destructive Talons; without Flattery do I speak it, you love as dearly to dabble in Blood, as an upstart Knight to Stain his gentility with the droppings of Ale; your Lust makes your Soul Bawd to your Body, and those that assist you in this Nature the nearest to it;

it ; your tragical Parts oblige the World to esteem you as an excellent Critick, far exceeding *Scaliger* or *Vossius*, when they read those Fragments and *Desunt multa's* of yours, collected from the Relicks of Executed Persons, and hang up at the Brokers Shops in *Monmouth Street* and *Chick-Lane* ; by your notorious Trade, you may think you have some Affinity to the *Heralds*, in making Blots for their Escutchions ; and tho' by ill Fortune you are arriv'd to the Indignity of being Finisher of the Law, and are not so modest as to be abash'd when applauded, Reverence incites me to say, All good Qualities are below you ; and the greatest Misfortune that attends your Imployment, is, that tho' you are willing to pay your Debts by working them out, yet no Body gives you Credit. O ! With what an inveterate Spleen I beheld your rascally Phiz, when you made the *Burnt-Offering* before me in Three most noted Places of our famous *Metropolis* ; but yet, with Submission, satisfy'd, that by the Verdict of my Country, the Law could so far reach my misfortunate Crime, as to doom Prophaneness to be publicly estroy'd by Prophaneness itself ; for I cannot look upon your Affection for Religion to be any more zealous than a *Pot-Poet's* sitting in a *Bandy-House*, to write *G O D's Judgments*. So not to please your Impatience, hoping these first Fruits of my Labour may find your unkind Acceptance, which will make me as proud as a Town-Miss in a Velvet Hood without a Smock ; and wishing the greatest Poverty and Adversity, with all the Plagues of *Pandora's Box*, may be your Reward on this side Heaven ; I rest your Betters ;

Thuis Intimicus.

Hell upon Earth, &c.

IT being my ill Fate to be born under one of those unlucky Planets, who kick such that are Vassals to their domineering Influence, for Pastime, to please that unlucky Whore *Fortune*, when she is so spiteful as to make her Bully *Inconstancy*, trip up unfortunate Peoples Heels; I must needs be one of those insipid Cutlies that could not escape her intangling Snares, but must inevitably bring my self into a *Premunire*, by my damn'd confounded meddling with *Pen*, *Ink*, and *Paper*; which in several Respects, has destroy'd more Men, than the Mischievous *Monk's* inventing of Gun-powder.

But not to tire my Reader with too tedious a Preamble; he must know my unlucky *Genius* provoked (not unjustly) one of the Reverend Seniors of honourable *Augusta*, to send me, at the very first Examination, to *Whittington's* Colledge; To which noble Foundation I was no sooner arrived, being attended by one of those Officers, who often ventures to keep the Peace whole, by having his Head broke, but I was as curious of seeing the several Apartments thereof, as a fellow, that is troubled with the *Spanish* Rage of Jealousie, is to know whether he's a Cuckold or not. Indeed, I must needs own, it is a very strong Mansion, but yet as strong as it is, dangerous Persons would make shift to go the way out they came not in, was it not for some convicted Wretches squeaking upon them, in hopes of being put into a free Pardon, whenever regal Mercy is graciously pleased to grant Malefactors that wish'd for Favour; which makes those that receive the benefit thereof, as joyful as an open'd Window in the Dusk of the Evening does those narrow Soul Rascals that go on the *Hoist*.

Now you must know, that this ancient Goal is divided into three Parts; towit, the *Press-yard*, *Master-side*, and *Common-side*; as for the Manner of the *Press-yard* Building, tho' there are glaz'd Windows to the several Chambers thereof, yet are they well fortified inwardly by *Vulcan's* Craft, for fear any of the Students therein shou'd, when they get drunk and mad, tumble out at the Casements; for those Sinners who lie there, having well lin'd their Pockets, by their several Vices and Irregularities committed in contempt of the *Law*, are pritty often elevated with outlandish Liquors, taking more delight by half to spend their Time in Tipling, than spare an Hour in a Day to pray for their Deliverance from the Burden of Affliction.

The only Air they enjoy here is in a Yard, whose length is scarce so much as one may swing a Cat in it; and as for the breadth 'tis but indifferent, being not much wider than one of the Bunks under the Church, on the West end whereof stand two wooden Images, which has more Fools gazing at their artificial striking every Quarter, than are standing at *London-Bridge* Grates, to see Watermen shoot the Arches

at a deep Fall. But to make amends for this close Confinement, they have another Conveniency above the rest of their Fellow Students secur'd in the other side of the Prison ; for in case it shou'd Rain, they have a small *Piazza* to walk under, where they strut about in as great State as a *Beadle* before a Poor Harlot (who is not able to hire a Coach) to *Bridewell* or *New-Prison*.

When the Wind sits North, blustering *Boreas* blows strongly through the Grate Entrance, where if any Swordsman comes to speak with a confin'd Friend, he must deform himself, by leaving his Tail with one of the Keepers, who looks as terrible as an *Irish* Bull-beggar : Holding in his Hand (as he leans over the Hatch, or sits on the Bench, under the *Dog-Tavern* Window) a Key, almost as big as that put up for a Weather-Cock on St. Peter's Church in *Cornhill*.

Now, as concerning the Humours of the *Master-side*, when a Schollar in Iniquity comes to *Newgate*, by Vertue of a *Mittimus*, which word sounds as terrible in his Ears, as *God-damn-me* in the hearing of a good *Christian*, he is deliver'd up to the Paws of the Wolves, lurking continually in the Lodge for a Prey ; where, as soon as a *Scribler* records him for a Villain, he's adorn'd with a pair of Iron Boots, and from thence conducted (provided he has *Gilt*) over the way to Hell ; for really, no Place has a nearer Resemblance of that Eternal Receptacle of Punishment, than the *Master-side*, for the *Cellar* (where poor relentless Sinners are guzzling in the midst of *Debauchery*, and new invented *Oaths*, which rumble like Thunder through their filthy Throats) is a lamentable Den of Horror and Darknes ; there being no Light, but what they procure from the Help of one of that greasie Company, whose Mystery is, by a subtle *Metamorphosis*, to turn Night into Day, with what they get from *Butchers* and *Kitchen-VVenches* industrious savings. In this *Boozing Ken* (where more than *Cimmerian* Darknes dissipates its horrible Gloom) the Students, instead of holding Disputes in *Philosophy* or *Mathematicks*, run altogether upon *Law* ; For such as are committed for House-breaking, swear stoutly they can't be cast for *Burglary*, because the Fact was done in the Day-time ; Such as are committed for stealing a Horse-Cloath, or Coachman's Cloak, swear they can't be cast for *Felony* and *Robbery*, because the Coach was standing still, not stop'd ; And such as steal before a Man's Face, swear they value not their Adversary, because they are out of the reach of the new *Act* against *Private-stealing*. Thus with an unparallel'd Impudence, every brazen'd Face Rascal is harden'd in his Sin, because the *Law* can't touch his Life. But when Night has spun her Darknes to the length of Nine a Clock, then are they hurry'd up before their Drivers (like so many *Turkish* Slaves) to their Kennels ; which are joyn'd in the same manner as the Soldiers Lousie Beds, in the Barracks of *Portsmouth* or *Plymouth* Garrison : And as in all Places of Disorder and Confusion, all things go by Contraries, so here, instead of the Men lying over the Women, the Women lie over the Men ; in whose several Apartments, both Male and Female are confin'd, till they Distil a little Oyl of *Argentum*, for the Favour of going into the *Cellar*, to spend their ill got Coyn with speed ; to make the old Proverb good, *Lightly come, Lightly go* : Or rather, *What's got over the Devils Back, is spent under his Belly*.

Now this is an *University*, whose Rules and Orders are of an unusual Constitution ; for here Women are sent for an unhappy Education as well as Men : Some of the Female Sex come hither for the *Buttock* and *Twang* ; that's, going



going upon the Lay of being pick'd up, and when the Cully is groping
 fild in a Dark Ally with his Breeches down, she picks his Pockets, and
 then crys out her (pretended) Husband is coming, who stands lurking
 hard by, and rescues the Strmpet, with *God damn you Sir, What have
 you to do with my Wife?* Whose frightful Oaths, and drawn Sword, make
 the deluded *Loggerhead* run away, with the loss of his Money, to save
 his Life. Some come hither for the *Buttock and File*; that is, such as
 go abroad in a good borrow'd Habit, with a pretended Maid, who
 catching some senseless *Woodcock* in their wheedling Snare, bring him home,
 where, after a good Treat for Buttocking, they retaliate his Favour, by
 diving into his Breeches for the remainder of his Cash. And some
 Strumpets are very industrious Devils at *Shop-lifting*; which is going in-
 to a Shop, with pretence to buy something, and as opportunity offers,
 privately take Goods, and clap them under their Scarves, under their
 Petticoats, or betwixt their Legs.

As for the Male Students which come here, some are very dext'rous
 for the *Hoist*; that is, two, three or more idle Sparks going together,
 one of them leans his Head against a Wall, just as Boys do when they
 Play at *Fack on Nags Tail*, and another standing upon his Back, he climbs
 into a Window, and throws what he lays Hands on (for all's Fish that
 comes to Net) out to his Confederates; then jumping out, away the
 successful Villains trudge (as fast as a Deserter running from his Colours)
 to a *Fence*, who is one of those honest Persons who gets a livelihood by
 buying stolen Goods, giving not above one Third in value for every
 thing they buy. Some are very expert for the *Sneak*; which is, sneak-
 ing into Houses by Night or Day, and pike off with that which is none
 of their own. Some are very acute for the *Running-Smobble*; which is
 a Lay Two or Three have together, one of 'em running into a Shop, when
 People are in a Back-Room, or busie behind a Counter, snatching up
 something, conveys it to one of his nimble Comrades, and trip it away
 as fast as a Race-Horse over *New-Market-Heath*. Some are very good
 for the *Sneaking-Budge*; which is, privately stealing any thing off of a
 Stall. Some are very ingenious at *Tail-drawing*; which is, taking a
 Gentleman's Sword from his Side at the turning of a Corner, or in a
 Crowd. Some are good Workmen at *Clouting*; which is, taking Hand-
 kerchiefs out of Folks Pockets: But those call'd *Files*, dive into Folks
 Pockets for Money, or any thing else that happens to come betwixt their
 Roguish Fingers. Some are well vers'd in the *Dub*; that is, Robbing
 Dwelling-Houses, Out-Houses, Ware-Houses, Coach-Houses, or Sta-
 bles, by picking the Locks thereof. Some are for the *Chieving-Lay*;
 that is, cutting the Leathers which bear up the Coach behind, so falling
 down, the Coach-Man comes off of his Box to put it up again; in the
 mean time, an industrious Rogue for Thieving, takes away a Trunk that's
 ty'd under his Seat. Some are skillful at the *Waggon-Lay*; that is, the
 gainful Imployment of waiting in a dark Morning or Night, at *St.
 Giles his Pound*, *White-Chappel*, *Knights-bridge*, or *Islington*, or any other
 place, which the Devil puts into his Imps Heads, for the Waggon's com-
 ing in, or going out of Town, and take Boxes, Trunks, or other por-
 table Bundles out of them. Many come here for the *Foot-Pad*; and
 since the 40. l. Act is pass'd, the *Horse-Pads* too, come in pritty
 thick; and swing for those scaring Words, *Stand and Deliver*. Some
 are very sharp at the *Prad-Lay*; which is cutting Bags from be-
 hind Horses, as People ride along in the Dark. Some are
 good

good at the *Mill-Lay*; which is breaking into Houses, by forcing Doors or Windows open with Betties and Ghizels. Some are expert at *Till-Diving*; which is, going into a Shop with pretence to buy something, and with several Excuses of seeing this thing and that thing, to make the Shop-keeper turn his Back often, they put a small Whale-Bone, dawb'd at the end with Bird-Lime, into the Till of the Counter, and draw the Money up. Some are acute for the *Lob*; which is, going into a Shop to have a *Guinea* or *Pistole* chang'd, and the Change being given, the bringer of the Gold telling it over, Palms Two or Three Shillings, then returning the Money, says there wants so much, which the Shop-keeper telling over again, and finding short, very innocently crys 'tis true, and makes up the Sum. Some are dext'rous at the *Fam-Lay*; which is, going into a *Goldsmith's Shop*, with pretence to buy a Ring, and several being laid upon the Counter, the Subtle Thief Palms one or two, by means of a little Ale held in a Spoon over the Fire, till it congeals thick like a Syrup, with which the Palm being dawb'd, any light thing sticks to it. Some are good Artists at *Faggot and Stall*; which is, breaking into Peoples Houses, then Binding and Gagging all therein, Rob them. Some are Ingenious at the *Avirdupois-Lay*; which is, going into a Shop under pretence of buying some small Matter, or else, if they have no Money, with pretence to write a superscription on a Letter, which has nothing inscribed; and by clapping a Glove, Handkerchief, or Sleeve over Brass Weights, convey them away. Some are acute at *Impudent stealing*; which is cutting out the Backs of Coaches, and taking things from under the Seats. Several Villains come in here upon other Accounts, as some for *Sneering*; which is dropping Money before People, and taking it up in their sight, inveigle a Man (after a hot Dispute with some of their accomplices, who strongly claim halves of what they find) into a House they use, where they draw him into *Cards, Dice, or Buckle and Thong*, which lie planted on the Chimney-Piece, or some other visible Place, and win all his Money; this sort of Vermin likewise go about the Countrey to cheat People out of their Money, by the *Legerdemain* slight of *Cups and Ball*, or *Luck in a Bag*. Some are expert at *Night-gaming*, or *Venison-stealing*; which is a Sport that proves often Dear. Some take great delight in *Lamech's Sin of Polygamy*; endeavouring to raise their Fortune by the Plurality of Wives. Some tickle their Fancies with Rapes; some are dext'rous at *Kidnaping*; some at *Coyning*; some at *Pyrating*; some for counterfeiting *Stamp'd Paper*, forging *Bank-Bills, Bills of Exchange, Exchequer Notes, Malt-Tickets, Perjury, Subornation, and Libelling*; and others are very lucky at finding Money, which is the frivolous Excuse of those addicted to put off bad Coyn: But above all, the greatest Crime for which a Man comes here, is *Murder*; a Sin so odious, that our Creator expressly says, because it is a defacing of his sacred Image, *Blood requires Blood*.

Now you are to take notice, that at the first beginning of the World, as there was but one Language, but through *Nimrod's* sinful and most audacious Attempt in Building a Tower, whose aspiring Height shoud reach the Throne of GOD, the Earth was divided into Seventy Two Languages to confound the presumptuous Workmen; so now, through the increase of Sin, another Tongue is sprung up among the Wicked, whereby they are able to express their Minds very significantly, to the great prejudice of them they Design to Damage; as you may see by

by the following Paragraph, the *English* whereof, is inserted under it.

Stoe you bien Cove, tut benean Wids, bien weder Rumvel, and nip a Bung, then we shall have Loure for the boozing Ken; when we bien back in the Duceavil, then we will flesh some Duds off the Ruffmans, or Mill a Ken.

Hold your Peace good Man, speak better Words, we will go to London, and pick a Pocket, then we shall have Money for the Alehouse; when we go back to the Countrey, then we will steal some Cloaths off the Hedges, or break a House.

It is a broken sort of Speech, but daily more and more refin'd; and for the good of Travellers and other People, who may oftentimes save their Money and Lives too, by knowing the *Cant*, I have underneath set down the most necessary Words used by dishonest persons; which I have with great Pains and Labour, as well as Charges, collected from the Knowledge of the chief Professors of the *Canting-Tongue*, now residing in this most noted *Academy of Sin* in *London*; the several Words (as in Dictionaries) being Alphabetically digested.

Ard, hot.

Band-Log, a Band-box.

Belly-Chit, an Apron.

Bien, good.

Black-Arse, a Copper or Kettle.

Blater, a Calf.

Bunt, Money.

Booze, Drink.

Buffer, a Dog.

Bull's-Eye, a Crown.

Bunt, an Apron.

Cacklers-Ken, a Hen-roost.

Cafe, a Bawdy-House.

Casum, Cheese.

Chieve, a Knife.

Clout, a Handkerchief.

Cly, a Pocket.

Country Harry, a Waggoner.

Cove, a Man.

Cuffin, a Justice.

Darbies, Fetters.

Dodsey, a Woman.

Dose, a Cloak.

Dub, a Picklock or Key.

Duce, Two pence.

Duceavil, the Countrey.

Dunnock, a Cow.

Evil, a Halter.

Fam, a Ring.

Fence, one that buys stolen Goods.

Flag, a Groat.

Fly, a Waggon, *i. e.* Country Cant.

Gage, a Pot.

Glaze, a Window.

Globe, Pewter.

Glim, a Candle.

Great Joseph, a Satout Coat.

Grunter, a Hog.

Harmin, Stocks.

Harminbeck, a Constable.

Harry, a Country-Man.

Havil, a Sheep.

Hog, a Shilling.

Jacob, a Ladder.

Jack, a Farthing.

Jig, a Lock or Door.

Jigger, a Whipping-Post.

Joseph, a close Coat.

Jugler's Box, the burning Engine.

Ken, a House.

Kid, a Child.

Kicksey, Breeches.

Knappers Poll, a Sheeps-Head.

Lark, a Boat.

Lock, *vid.* Fence.

Make, a Half-penny.

Mill, a Chisel, or to break.

Mish, a Shirt.

Moss, Lead.

Mud, a Fool, or thick skull Fellow.

Naskin, a Prison.

Nip, to pick.

Nubbing-Chit, the Gallows.

Nut-crackers, the Pillory.

Old, ugly.

Peter, a Trunk, Box, or Portmantle.

Pair of Wings, Oars.

Pad, a Bed.

Panum, Bread.

Poll, a Peruke.

Pop, a Pistol.

Prad, a Horse.

Prancer, a good Horse.

Prigg, a Thief or Fiend.

Queer, small, not good.

Queer Cove, a Rogue.

Quod, a Prison.

Ratler, a Coach.

Rum, good, or strong.

Rumvil, London.

Ruffman, a Hedge.

Scout, a Watchman.

Scrope, vid. *Jack*.

Shap, a Hat.

Skit, to weadle.

Simon, Six-pence.

Slat, Half a Crown.

Stampers, Shoes.

Stickbams, Gloves.

Stockdrawders, Stockings.

Strike, Twenty Shillings.

Swad, or *Swadkin*, a Soldier.

Swagg, a Shop.

Tatler, a Clock, or Watch.

Thrums, Three pence.

Togge, a Coat.

Tumbler, a Waggon, best word.

Tye, a Neckcloth.

Vil, a Town.

VVedge, Silver.

VWind, a Penny,

VVipe, a Handkerchief.

VVit, Newgate.

Yellow-Boy, a Guinea.

But now passing by that part of the *Master-side*, into which Prisoners are brought upon real suspicion of Debt, their talk being altogether upon an *Act of Grace*, I shall proceed to the Humours of the *Common-side*: Those Schollars that come here, have nothing to depend on but the Charity of the Foundation, in which side very exact Rules are observ'd; for as soon as a Prisoner comes into the Turnkey's Hands, three knocks are given at the Stair Foot, as a signal a *Collegian* is coming up, which Harmony makes those *Convicts* that stand for the *Garnish*, as joyful as one Knock, the signal of the *Baker's* coming every Morning, does those poor Prisoners, who for want of Friends, have nothing else to subsist on, but Bread and Water: And no sooner are the Three stroaks given, but out jump Four Trunchion Officers (who only hate Religion because it condemns their Vices) from their Hovel, and with a sort of ill mannerly Reverence receive him at the Grate, then taking him into their Apartment, a couple of the good natur'd Sparks hold him, whilst the other two pick his Pockets, claiming Six pence a piece as a priviledge belonging to their Office; then they turn him out to the *Convicts*, who hover about him (like so many Crows about a piece of Carrion) for *Garnish*, which is Six Shillings and Eight pence, which they, from an old Custom, claim by Prescription, Time out of Mind, for entering into the *Society*, otherwise they strip the poor Wretch, if he has not wherewithal to pay it; then *Cook Ruffian* (that scalded the Devil in his Feathers) comes to him for Three Pence, for dressing the Charity Meat, which charitably disposed Persons send in every Thursday, whereon earthen Dishes, Porringers, Pans, Wooden-Spoons, and Cabbage-Nets are stirring about against Dinner-Time, as thick as Plate in a great Lord's Kitchen on a Festival; whilst the sweltred Cook sweats in Porriging the Prisoners, who stand round him like so many poor Schollars, begging at the Kitchen Door for Colledge Broth: But yet the caged Person is not clear of his Dues; for next, two other Officers, who have a Patent for being *Swabbers*, demand Three Half-pence a piece more, for clearing the Goal of its Dirt, and poking now and then with an Iron-Rod, in the House of Offices, to clear the Vaults, if choak'd with

with Filth. Then after the *Gray-Pease*-Woman comes through *Newgate*, crying, hot *Gray-Pease*, hot, hot, which is between Seven and Eight at Night, he is conducted down Stairs, with an Illumination of Links, to his Lodging, and provided he has a Shilling for civility Money, may lie in the *Middle Ward*, which to give the Devils their due, is kept very neat and clean; Where he pays one Shilling and Four Pence more to his Comrades, and then is free of the *Colledge*, and *Merriculated*.

But the *Lower ward*, where the tight slovenly Dogs lying upon ragged Blanckets spread near *Sir-Reverence*, one would take to be *Old-Nick's* Back-yard, where all the damn'd go to ease their roasted Arses; and trampling on the Floor, the Lice crackling under Feet, make such a noise, as walking on Shells which are strew'd over Garden-Walks. To this nasty Place is adjoyning the *Stone-Hold*, where *Convicts* lie, till a Free Pardon grants 'em Liberty from Tribulation; but not making good use of Mercy, come tumbling headlong in again. This low Dungeon is a real House of meagre Looks, and ill Smells; for Lice, Drink, and Tobacco, is all the Compound.

When the Prisoners are disposed to recreate themselves with walking, they go up into a spacious Room call'd the *High-Hall*; where when you see them taking a Turn together, it would puzzle one to know which is the Gentleman, which the *Mechanick*, and which the *Beggar*, for they are all suited in the same Form of a kind of nasty Poverty, which is a Spectacle of more Pity than Executions; only to be out at the Elbows is in Fashion here, and a great indecorum not to be threadbare. On the North-side, is a small Room call'd the *Buggering Hold*; but from whence it takes its Name I cannot well tell, unless it is a Fate attending this Place, that some confin'd there, may or have been addicted to *Sodomy*; here the *Fines* lie, and perhaps, as he behaves himself, an outlaw'd Person may creep in among them: But what Degree of Latitude this Chamber is scituated in, I cannot positively demonstrate, unless it lies Ninety Degrees beyond the *Artick-Pole*; for instead of being dark here but half a Year, it is dark all the Year round. The Company one with another there, is but a vying of Complaints, and the Causes they have, to rail on the ill success of Petitions, and in this they reckon there is a great deal of good Fellowship: There they huddle up their Life as a thing of no use, and wear it out like an old Suit, the faster, the better; and he that deceives the Time at Cards, or Dice, thinks that he deceives it best, and best spends it. Just by them lie the *Tangerines*, in a large Room call'd *Tangier*, which next to the *Lower-ward*, is the nastiest place in the Goal; the miserable Inhabitants hereof are *Debtors*, who put what sorry Bedding they enjoy upon such an Ascent, where *Soldiers* lie, when on Guard at the *Tilt-yard*: These poor Wretches are commonly next their Creditors, most bitter against the *Lawyers*, as Men that have had a great Stroak in assisting them there; a *Bailiff* likewise, they mortally hate, because he makes them fear the *Queen's* Name, worse than the *Devil's*: But in this Apartment lie, besides real *Debtors*, such as are call'd your *Thieving Debtors*; who having for Theft satisfy'd the *Queen*, by being burnt in the Face, or *Whipt*, which is no satisfaction to the wrong'd Subject, their Adversaries bring an Action of *Trover* against them, and keep them there, till they make Restitution for the things stoln.

Up one pair of Stairs over them, is *Jack Catch* his Kitching, where, in *Pitch*, *Tar* and *Oyl*, he boils the Quarters of those Traytors that deservedly

servedly suffer for the several sorts of *High-Treason*: Near this Place, are adjoyning several Rooms, which Prisoners hire, that have a Mind to live retir'd; and opposite to the Kitchen, where Man's flesh is dress'd, is a lightsome Room, call'd *Debtors-Hall*, so nam'd from such unfortunate Men lying there; where every Man shews like so many Wrecks upon the Sea, here the Ribs of 20 l. here the Relicks of a good Estate; Doublets without Buttons; and a Gown without Sleeves. And a pair of Stairs higher lie Women that are *Fines* and *Debtors*, thinking, like their suffering Companions below them, every Year Seven, till they get abroad.

But the Place which is most diverting to our *Collegians* (who sin to better their understanding) is in the *Cellar*; whose *Newgate* Fashion of having all Tables publick, all the *Alehouses* about Town now imitate; where we sit in the pleasant Prospect of a Range of *Buts* and *Barrels*, and the only grievance herein, is the paying for *Pipes* and *Candles*, which are placed in square Pyramidal Candlesticks made of Clay, by the worthy Mr. *Savage*, once exalted in the *Pillory*, (the common Fate, that of late years attends *Authors*, *Booksellers*, and *Printers*) for crying about the Scurrilous Paper call'd the **Black-List**; as for the nature of the boozing Ken, it is as unchristian as the most remote Parts of *India*, for here is no *Faith* (which St. Paul says, *is the evidence of things not seen*) unless the *Sutler* sees her God, which is the ready *Specie*: However, to give her due Character, she is very Pleasant and good condition'd to her Customers, which Qualities in a Woman of that Employment, make me think, *Miracles are not yet ceas'd*: She scorns to draw in short Pots to have her Kisses excuse them; differing very much from other Hostesses, who seldom startle at Bawdry, permitting their Lips to be the Guests Welcome, and their Entertainment, her Company, which is put into the Reckoning too, and is the dearest Parcel in it.

Now if there should be any great Tumult or Uproar among the Prisoners, whose deepest Endearment is a Communication of Mischiefe, then a Bell, which hangs over the *High-Hall* Stairs (to call the Turnkey, when out of the way, by single ringing, to let People in and out) is rung double; and at the Alarm, several Officers belonging to the Goal, come running up to quell the Mutiny, which being appeased, the Ringleaders thereof (who are such high Spirited Fellows, that would sooner accept the Gallows, than a mean Trade) are conducted to a low Dungeon, as dark as the inside of the *Devils Ase in the Peak*, and hung all over with spider Texture, and there *Shear'd*, or put into *Bilboes*, and *Handcuffs*; but in case the Place of Punishment should be first taken up by any Fractious Woman, that's given to Patten and Penknife, then are they punish'd in the *Press-Room*, where Men that stand mute at their Tryal, are Press'd to Death, by having their Hands and Feet extended out to Four Iron Rings fix'd to the ground, and a great heavy Press of Wood made like a Hog-Trough, having a square Post at each end, reaching up to the Cieling, let up and down full of Weights, by Ropes them upon, in which Torment he lies Three or Four Days, or less time, according as favour'd; having no Food or Drink, but Black Bread, or the Channel Water which runs under the Goal, if his fainting Pains shou'd make him crave to Eat or Drink.

But now I am arrived to the Women Felons Apartment, in the *Common-side*; where I view'd a Troop of *Hell-Cars*, lying Head and Tail together, in a dismal, nasty, dark Room: Having no Place to divert themselves

themselves; but at the Grate, adjoining to the Foot Passage under *Newgate*, where Passengers may with admiration and pity hear them swear *extempory*, being so shamefully vers'd in that most odious Prophanation of Heaven, that Volleys of Oaths are discharg'd through their detestable Throats, whilst a sleep. And if any of their riotous Acquaintance gives them *L'argent*, then they jump into their *Cellar*, to melt it; which is scarce so large as *Covent-Garden* Cage, and the Stock therein not much exceeding those pedling *Vitruallers*, who fetch their Drink in Tubs, every brewing Day; as for the *Sutler* there, I have no more to say of her, than that her *Purity* consists in the whiteness of her Linnen; and that the Licentiousness of the Women on this side is so detestable, that it is an unpardonable Crime to describe their Lewdness; which Sex, when bad, exceeds the prophaneness of Man, and thereupon incited my Muse, after a View of their hellish Residence, to compose the following Lines, set to the Tune of *Heaven gave to Man in Paradise*, &c.

S O N G.

I.

When Subtle Serpent did decieve,
The Woman with Temptation,
Th' ambitious, too believing Eve,
Entail'd on Man Damnation;
And worse and worse their Sex does grow,
As to all Vices given,
Which make them know, which make them know, which make them know,
No Heaven.

II.

Their golden Promises invade
The Province of Man's Reason;
And when the rebellious Conquest's made,
They triumph in the Treason:
'Tis their conspiracy to Shake
Poor Man's celest' al Station,
Thus they forsake, thus they forsake, thus they forsake
Salvation.

III.

But for the future cursed be
The Man that does adore them;
And, for the quenching Lechery,
Would any ways implore them.
Adieu, Adieu to Woman-kind!
My Heart from them I'll sever;
Then Bliss we'll find, then Bliss we'll find, then Bliss we'll find
For ever.

But when the Time's approach'd, that by a Commission of Oyer and Terminer, a Goal Delivery is made, then the Prisoners are betimes in the

Morning conducted down to the *Sessions-House* in the *Old-Baily*, making as they go along a jingling with their Fetters, like so many *Morrice-Dancers* in the *Christmas* Holy-Days ; and such *Malefactors* as will not give Half a Crown to be in the *Bail-Dock*, where Criminals both Male and Female are secur'd, go a into the *Hold*, where they resemble so many Sheep penn'd up in *Smithfield* on a Market Day : There the eldest Prisoners claim Twelve pence a piece of the youngest for *Hold-Money*, with which Collection they make shift to get some of 'em Drunk before they go up to the *Bar*, to be arraign'd, or try'd ; the same odious Custom is likewise observ'd by the Women in their *Hold*. And if it shou'd be a Prisoners good luck to be acquitted, he kneels on his Knees, and crys, *God bless the Queen, and all the honourable Court*, then joyfully returning to his *Comrades*, they make him spend his quit *Shilling*, for his happy Deliverance. But after they are all try'd, the *Judge* (after the Fire is made, and burning Engine put up) proceeds to pass Sentence on the several Offenders, then those cast for *single Felony* are brought up ; but such as never broke their Friends for Learning, not venturing a *non legit*, throw themselves on the Mercy of the Court, and escape marking with an ignominious *T*, by entering themselves in Her Majesty's service ; and such as can read, and claim the *Benefit of the Clergy*, a favour only design'd at first for Schollars, but now through long Custom, claim'd by the Illiterate, are forc'd (upon the account of clearing the Land of Villains) to save their Bacon by Lifting too. But profligate Women (having not this Advantage) are Glim'd for that Villany, for which, rather than leave it, they could freely die Martyrs. Next, Sentence of Death is pass'd on Malefactors ; but upon this Point, the Women have a great Advantage over the Men, by pleading their Bellies who are then search'd by a Jury of Matrons, impanell'd for that Purpose, but either for favour or profit some are brought often in quick with Child, when they are not gone an Hour, to the great abuse of the honourable Court, not but that they deserv'd for it, but as the saying is, *No Grass grows on the Highway*. Those cast for *Petit-Larceny*, shove the Tumbler, *i. e.* whipt at the Cart's Tail. And others are made City Surveyers, being appointed to overlook *Penance-Board* at *Temple-Bar*, *Cheapside Conduit*, and the *Royal Exchange* ; but I cannot properly call one so exalted, a Captain over Tens, Hundreds, or Thousands, because the Number of the Spectators is uncertain.

The Court being broke up, and by an *O yes*, appointed to begin again at another certain Time, the Prisoners not cast for their Lives return from whence they came, the *Thieftakers* ogling them as earnestly as they trudge along (to know their shameless Faces another time) as a Gypsie does ignorant Country Wenches Hands, to tell their Fortune : But those Condemn'd, go to the Condemn'd *Hold*, there being two, one for Males, another for Females : Who being relentless Wretches, unmindful of a future State, make their dark dismal Den the rendezvouz of Spittle, where they Dialogue (as in Tobacco-shops) with their Noses, and their Communication is Smoak ; where being in hopes of the *Queen's* Mercy, their Words are still so many Vomits cast up to the loathsomeness of their Hearers ; in summ, the whole Life of these distressed Wretches is a Question, and their Salvation a greater ; which Death only concludes, and then they are resolv'd.

Next *Sunday* following their fatal Doom, they go to Chappel, to hear Mr. *Ordinary* preach the *Condemnation Sermon*; which is full of strangers, to see more the miserable Wretches sit round the condemn'd Table, than to hear what is piously deliver'd from the Pulpit: The other Prisoners being separated from the Congregation by such wooden Grates, which the *Lions* peep through at the *Tower*; but in such Apartments put, as *Fines* are distinguish'd from *Debtors*, and *Debtors* from *Felon*. And after the *Report* is made to the *Queen*, by the Right Worshipful the *Recorder*, and the *Dead-Warrant* sign'd, and sent to the *Sheriffs*, and the Day appointed for their dying, a *Bell-Man*, at dead of Night rings his Bell under *Newgate*, and then with a dismal Voice calls the condemn'd Persons to hear the following Speech.

ALL you that in the condemn'd Holds do lie,
 Prepare you, for to Morrow you shall die;
 Watch all and pray, the Hour's drawing near,
 That you before th' Almighty must appear:
 Examine well your selves, in time repent,
 That you may not t'eternal Flames be sent;
 And when St. Pulcher's Bell, to morrow, tolls,
 The Lord above have Mercy on your Souls.

On the morning they die, they are brought from their dark Den (a lively Type of the Grave) to Chappel, where such as are disposed receive the blessed *Sacrament*; then brought into the *Stone-Hall* (where formerly Charity has been begg'd in old Shoes, hanging out at the Grates their Irons are knock'd off, and the Yeoman of the Halter, there adorns them with a hempen Garment, which is to espouse them to a better World, according as their Contrition is sincere in this: Which solemn Ceremony performed, they are conducted down Stairs to the Cart, in which being seated and ty'd, a *Subaltern*, with a white Wand, and Guard of *Serjeants* (who respite a Man in no Place but a *Sponging-House*, where they sell their Minutes dearer than a *Watchmaker*) conveys them to the *World's end*; but in their final Voyage, they stop near the West-end of St. *Pulcher's Church*, where a Fellow leans over the Wall, tingling a small Bell, and makes a short *Harangue*, putting them in mind of their latter end; which ended, they proceed onwards again, the Bell tolling at St. *Andrew's Church*, as they ride backwards up the Hill, the same solemnity being likewise observed at Saint *Giles* his Church; where by the *Pound* they may perhaps make another stop at the *Crown*, to enliven their drooping Hearts with a Glas of *Canary*; then away they ride again, sometimes looking on the *Mob*, among whom they may chance to espy some of their ill Consorts following them to pick Pockets at *Tyburn*; other times casting up their Eyes (if endu'd with so much Grace) towards that sacred Place, against which they have too often offended; next, with great earnestness throwing up their Hands (which are commonly deck'd with white Gloves, Book in one, and Nosegay or Orange in t'other) in commiseration of the untimely end they've brought on themselves, and Disgrace to their Friends; then being arriv'd to the *Triple-Tree*, consecrated by the Romish Church, for several of their *Martyrs* dying thereon, they declare their perplexed minds to Mr. *Ordinary*, and make a short speech to the People, whilst Mr. *Catch* ogles their Habit, and gives instructions to his Man, who
 waits

waits upon him with a Bag, in which he crams the Hats, Perukes, Neckcloths, and rest of the Cloaths of the executed Persons; but penitential Psalm being sung, and Night-cap pull'd over the Eyes, the Cart's drawn away, and with Dismal Screeches they bid the World adieu.

After swinging an Hour between Heaven and Earth, as unworthy of either, they are cut down, stript, and tumbled into a *Highway-grave* together, against *Hide-Park Gate*; unless their Friends (who sometimes ride in Coach with Deal Coffin-cross the Doors) buy them for interment, or Chyrurgeons beg their Carcasses for Anatomizing Operations. This is all the Description I can give of this Place, whose Horror I hope may so much work on irregular Persons for the future, as to make them forsake wicked Courses; and it is my Wish that honest People will be more wary of giving Opportunities to graceless Wretches, who value not the Misery of this Mansion, where Villains Breathe their Discontents against *Magistracy* more securely, and have their Tongues at more liberty than abroad; and to conclude, this is a School which teaches much Wisdom, but too late, and with Danger; and it is better be a Fool, than come here to learn it.

FINIS.



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